A new Ballad intituled, the stout Cripple of Cornwall, wherein is shewed his dissolute life and deserued death. To the tune of, *the blind Begger.*

OF a stout Cripple that kept the high way,
and beg'd for his liuing all time of the day,
A story Ile tell you that pleasant shall be,
the Cripple of Cornwall sir-named was he.

He crept on his hands and his knées vp and down,
in a torne Jacket and ragged patcht Gowne:
For he had neuer a legge to the knée,
the Cripple of Cornwall sir named was hee.

He was of stomacke couragious and stout,
for he had no cause to complaine of the Gout:
To goe vpon stilts most cunning was hee,
with a staffe on his necke gallant and free.

Yea, no good fellowship would be forsake,
were it in secret a purse for to take:
His helpe was as good as any might be,
the Cripple of Cornwall sir-named was he.

When he vpon any such seruice did goe,
the craftie young Cripple prouided it so:
His toles he kept close in an old hollow Tree,
that stood from the Citie a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he beg'd for relicke,
and late in the night he plaid the false Théeke:
And seuen yeares together this custome kept he,
and no man knew him such a person to be.

There were few Gazers went on the way,
but vnto the Cripple for passage did pay,
And euery braue Marchant that he did descry,
he empried their purses ere they passed by.

The gallant Lord Courtney both valiant and bold,
rode forth with great plentie of siluer and Gold:
At Exeter there a purchase to pay,
but that the false Cripple his iourney did stay.

For why the false Cripple heard tydings of late,
as he lay for almes at this Noblemans gate:
What day and what houre his iourney should be,
this is (quoth the Cripple) a bootie for me.

Then to his Companions the matter he moued,
which their like actions beforetime had proued:
They make themselues ready & deply they sweare
this mony's their owne before they come there.

Vpon his two stilts the Cripple doth mount,
to haue his best share he makes his account:
All clothed in Cannas downe to the ground,
he takes vp his standing his mates with him round

Then comes the L. Courtney with halfe a score men
that little suspecting these theeues in their den:
And they perceiuing them come to their hand,
in a darke euening they bid him to stand.

Deliuer thy purse quoth the Cripple with speed,
for we be good fellowes and thereof haue need:
Not so quoth Lord Courtney, but this I tell thee,
win it, and weare it, else get none of me.

With that the Lord Courtney stood in his defence,
and so did his seruants, but ere they went thence
Two of the true men were slaine in the fight,
and foure of the theeues were put to their flight

And while for their safegard they ran thus away,
the iolly bold Cripple did hold the best play:
And with his pike-staffe he wounded them so,
as they were vnable to runne or to goe.

With fight the L. Courtney was driuen out of breath
and most of his seruants wounded to death:
Then came other horsemen riding so fast,
the Cripple was forced to flie at the last,

And ouer a Riuer that ran there beside,
which was very deepe and eighteene foot wide:
With his long staffe and his stilts leaped hee,
and shifted himselfe in an old hollow Tree.

Then thorow the Country was hue and cry made
to haue these theeues apprehended and kept:
The Cripple he creeps on his hands and his knées,
and on the high way great pulling he sees.

And as they came riding he begging doth say,
O giue me one penny, good Master I pray:
And thus vnto Exeter creepes he along,
no man suspecting that he had done wrong.

Anon the Lord Courtney he espide in the street
he comes vnto him and kisses his feet:
Saying, God saue your honor & keepe you from ill,
and from the hands of your enemies still.

Amongst L. Courtney, and therewith flung downe
vnto the poore Cripple an English Crowne:
Away went the Cripple and thus he did thinke,
500. pounds more would make me to drinke.

In vaine that hue and cry it was made, (was layd:
they found none of them though the Country
But this grieued the Cripple both night and day,
that he so vnluckily mist of his pray.

Nine hundred pounds this Cripple had got,
by begging and robbing so good was his lot,
A thousand pound he would make it be said,
and then hee would quite giue ouer his trade.

But as he striued his minde to fulfill,
in following his actions so lewd and so ill,
At last he was taken the law to suffere,
condemned and hanged at Exeter shire.

Which made all men amazed to see,
that such an impotent person as hee,
Should venture himselfe to such actions as they,
to rob in such sort vpon the high way.

FINIS.

London, Printed for I. W.

A new Ballad intituled, the stout Cripple of Cornwall, wherein is shewed his dissolute life and deserued death. To the tune of, *the blind Begger.*

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